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UNUSUAL ATTRACTION!
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In order to keep the attendance select, the **NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY** charge Sixpence for admission, which is returnable to those hiring Velocipedes.

A VELOCIPEDE RACE & TOURNAMENT will be held on SATURDAY AFTERNOON NEXT, to commence at 2-30. Particulars and entry on application.

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FOR WHIT-SATURDAY, MAY 22ND,

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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS DURING APRIL.

THE CLUBS OF MANCHESTER:—
1. The Conservative.
2. The Union.
3. The Albert.

HOLIDAY NOTES:—
1. Wastdale and Christopher North.
2. The Ascent of the Glyder (North Wales).

REMINISCENCES OF THE MANCHESTER STAGE:—
6. Actors and Managers.
7. Jim Browne; Marie Wilton.
8. The Leclercqs and the Paynes.

CHURCHES AND PREACHERS:—
The Rev. W. A. O'Connor.
Sunday Evening with the Secularists.
A Morning with the Unitarians (Rev. W. Herford).
Taking Holy Orders under Bishop Lee.
A Children's Chapel.

THE DRAMA:—
After Dark at the Royal.
The Amateur Actors at the Athenæum.
The *King o' Scots* at the Prince's.
Miss Bateman.

MISCELLANEOUS:—
On the Rialto: The Preston Strike.
Crossing Swords with H.M.'s Inniskillings.
The American Snob.
Widows.
Umbrellas.
A Study of Tennyson.
A Seance with the Spiritualists.
Good Friday on the Bowdon Line.
The Blind Asylum Chapel.
Young Lady Friendships.
Premiers and Pugilists.
The Silver Teapots.
A Startling Coincidence.
A Bicycle Race at the Free Trade Hall.
Bad Language.
Miss Lydia Becker and Mrs. Cassidy.

RHYMES, SONGS, AND BALLADS:—
The Lay of the Law Student.
In an Attic.
The Man Himself (Sensation Music Hall Song).
The Hurt Gold-digger.
St. Patrick's Day.
The Happy Days of Childhood.
The Bank Clerk to his Bicycle.

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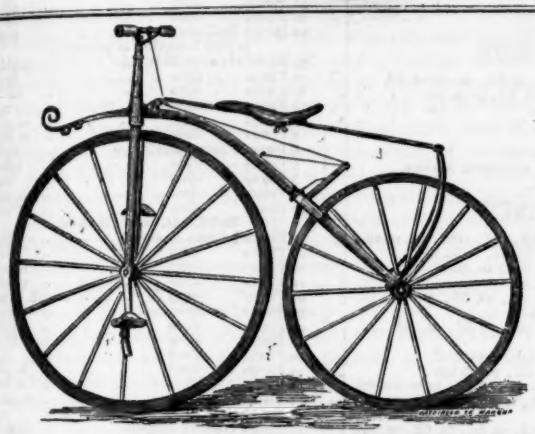

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Having had 32 years' experience in the Underclothing Manufactures, will be a guarantee for goods worthy of the pre-eminence to which his establishment has attained.

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White Muslin, 14s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 25s., to 50s.

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Flannel Jackets, 7s. 11d., 9s. 11d., to 18s. 11d.
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10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
20 Pieces ditto .. .. 1s. 11d. to 2s.
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40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 6½d.
40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 4d.
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5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
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Real Coifs, real Berthas, real Handkerchiefs, &c., very much reduced.
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Several hundred pounds' worth of Imitation Cluny Lace, new patterns, low prices.
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18 Dozen Muslin Tie Handkerchiefs ....8½d.
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A very large assortment of Garibaldi Jackets, from 1s. 6d. to 25s. Purchased very cheap.
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40 Dozen.. .. .. 11½d. half dozen.
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 2½d. "
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50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 6½d. "
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 9d. "
50 Dozen.. .. .. 2s. "
And so on to .. .. 9s. "
Ready Hemmed .. 1s. 1½d. to 9s. "
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Sewed Edgings, Scollops, and Insertions, amounting to upwards of £2,000.
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G. R. ALLINSON, General Manchester Warehouse) Families supplied. Any length cut from the piece at Wholesale Prices, (54a, High-st.

WHIT-WEEK AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

SOME years ago, there appeared in *Punch*, a picture by Leech of two girls, one of whom was represented as saying that she did not intend to go to Sunday school for ever so long, because the tea and buns had been given the week before, and there would be no more till the next year. This illustration—witty, well-drawn, and true to life, even as were all Leech's productions—was, of course, a hit direct at the system of Sunday school rewards. Whit-week never comes round without tormenting us with many and grave doubts, both as to the efficiency of our Sunday schools, and the wisdom of such a system of wholesale rewards as will prevail from Monday till Saturday next. We wish to lay some of these doubts before the public—not so much for the sake of stating our own opinions, as to induce teachers and philanthropists to think seriously over the matter, and perhaps to gather a few useful hints for their future guidance.

Putting our doubts, therefore, in the shape of questions, we ask

1. Have Sunday schools done anything like the work they were at first intended to do? Let our question be noted carefully. These schools were surely established towards the end of the last century, to supply the religious instruction which the parents of that day were incompetent to give their children, and, therefore, to train these children up to be themselves good and efficient parents, who should be able to manage their own families, and impart to their sons and daughters those truths which they themselves had been taught at the Sunday school. This being the case, and looking simply at the results of the last fifty years' Sunday-school training, have godly and well-instructed fathers and mothers multiplied in the land?

2. If so, why do they send their children to Sunday schools? Here we assume what we believe is a fact, that a large proportion of our Sunday school scholars are the children of parents who themselves were educated at Sunday schools, and who are competent (or ought to be) to teach their children at home.

3. Therefore, does not the Sunday school, in many instances, step in between parent and child, and cause the parent to neglect his duty, and shift the responsibility of training his children on to the shoulders of the Sunday school teacher? Does not many a parent rest satisfied with sending his children to school for a few hours on the Sunday, and think that, therefore, he has done all that either God or man requires him to do for their religious welfare? Are we answered that most parents would not do their duty in any case? Then assuredly the Sunday school training of the last fifty years has been a woful failure; and we are driven to ask

4. Does not the Sunday school system, while holding out small promise of adequate return in the case of the children, actually do harm to the souls of the parents? A startling question, we are aware; but let us put a case:—The father and mother have, we will say, both been brought up at Sunday school. At any rate, therefore, they have had a certain amount of head knowledge given them in spiritual matters; they have been taken to church Sunday after Sunday; they may fairly be supposed to know their duty, whether they do it or not. They are aware that their children must be brought up to know God, and love Him. They are aware that there is a certain responsibility resting on their own shoulders in the matter of this bringing up, but—but here steps in the Sunday school. They send the little folks off on Sunday morning, clean, and nicely dressed. They take care that Johnnie and Mary are never late; they punish them severely if they play truant, or run away from church, or are reported by their teachers as having behaved badly. All very good and proper. Then, when Johnnie and Mary have been packed off to their duty, and to perform the worship of the family, father takes his pipe and a newspaper, and sits down to enjoy himself, and occasionally to exchange a word or two with his "missus," as she bustles about, getting dinner ready. In the afternoon, they will both have a nap. In the evening, they will take a stroll. They do their religion vicariously through their children. The Sunday school teacher takes all responsibility off their hands. They consider themselves perfect models of parental perfection; and they are strengthened in their unhappy delusion by the system which *does their duty for them.* If the father had to take his children to church himself, he would possibly do so, or, at any rate, he would not have the excuse he now has for stopping away. If the mother had herself to teach the little ones their hymns and catechism, she would not have all the leisure she now has for gossip and self-indulgence. Both father and mother would have proper influence over their children, and these latter would be more likely to learn practically the meaning of the Fifth Commandment.

5. Granting that bad and inefficient parents will exist in all ages—granting that we are not to be weary in well-doing, even if no appreciable result follows our labours—granting that there are thousands of poor little city Arabs in our large towns who, but for Sunday schools, would never hear of God or heaven at all—still, *do our Sunday schools reach the class they are properly intended for?* This is the most important question of all. Are not our Sunday school scholars, for the most part, the well-dressed children of comparatively well-to-do parents—just the very children who ought to be kept, and instructed, at home—and whose attendance, and fine feathers, at the Sunday school, keep away the city Arabs—prevent the poor little, ragged, uncared-for urchins, outside, from venturing to come in? Fancy the ragged jacket and patched trousers rubbing against nice velveteen and broadcloth! Fancy the coarse factory apron and thick heavy clogs in the midst of grenadine and muslin, smart bonnets, and fashionable chignons! Have we not heard many and well-authenticated tales of class rivalling class in the matter of adornments, girls running into debt to obtain the new bonnet or embroidered skirt, without which they could not possibly appear on Sunday amongst their similarly decked-out class-mates, clothes being regularly taken out of pawn on Saturday night, and pledged again, as regularly, on the Monday morning? There is a great deal of absurd nonsense, we are afraid, talked, and written, and preached, about Sunday schools. Flowery sermons describe, in glowing colours and affecting language, the poor little wandering outcasts being brought into the fold, when the truth is that the fold is practically double-barred and gated against all except those who have good clothes and respectable parents. Wax not indignant, oh zealous Sunday school teacher, but deny it, if you can! The so-called "Ragged Schools" form, we believe, the only exception to the rule. They

R. WALMSLEY, JEWELLER AND SILVERSMITH, Manufacturer of LEVER & CHRONOMETER WATCHES, 129, Oldham-st., Manchester.

ESTABLISHED 1843.

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Fancy Stomacher Fronts, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 30s., to 50s.

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Ditto London, with Needlework ..... 9½d.
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Ditto ..... 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.
Ditto, Glasgow ..... 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.
Ditto, Alexandra ..... 11½d.
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Printed Cambric, ditto, 2s. 11d. to 7s. 6d.

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Etc., Etc.

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Twill ..... 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.
Merino ..... 4s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Lambs' Wool ..... 5s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.

SINGLETS.

Flannel ..... 3s. 9d. to 7s. 6d.
Merino Vests ..... 1s. 11d. to 6s. 6d.
Lambs' Wool ..... 3s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Merino Vests and Drawers, complete. 10s. 11d. to 15s. 0d.

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Thread, German make, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
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Silk, 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 16s. 6d.
Cotton, 3½d., 8½d., 11½d., to 3s. 6d.
Merino, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 5s.
Lambs' Wool, 1s. 6d., 2s., to 4s. 6d.
These are from the most celebrated Makers.

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Infant Shirts, 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 8½d., 10d., 11½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
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Flannel, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
Flannel Barrows, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., to 25s.
Long Petticoats, 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., to 15s.
Night Caps, 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 10½d., to 5s.
French Cambric Caps, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., to 15s.
Hair Cord Gowns, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 10s. 6d.
Calico Night Gowns, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
Monthly Robes, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., 17s. 11d., 21s., to £6. 10s. each.

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90 dozen White Brussels and other Falls, 4½d., to 21s.
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Calico Petticoats, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Flannel ditto, 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 10s. 6d.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

Chemise, Banded, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 5s.
Ditto, Fancy Fronts, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 15s.
Tucked Petticoats, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 15s.
Flannel ditto, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., to 18s.
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Day Shirts, 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
Night ditto, 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., to 5s.
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Linen Inserting and other Fronts, 5½d. to 10s. 6d.
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Saxony, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., to 8s.

CALICO DEPARTMENT.

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50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 3½d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5d.
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32 inch Longcloth in proportion.
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10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
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5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 2s. 6d.
Soft Cords, 1s. 4d. to 2s. 6d.
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20 Pieces ditto .. .. 1s. 11d. to 3s.
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40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 4d.
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10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 7½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
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Napkins, ready for use, 7s. 11d. to 21s. per dozen.
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5 Pieces Bird-eye Diapers .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 2s.
5 Pieces ditto .. 2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d.

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Several Hundred Yards Real Thread Edge, 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., and 10½d.
Several Hundred Yards Lace, 6½d., 8½d, to 5s. 6d.
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Real Coifs, real Berthas, real Handkerchiefs, &c., very much reduced.
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Several hundred pounds' worth of Imitation Cluny Laces, new patterns, low prices.
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50 Dozen.. .. .. 2s. ,,
And so on to .. .. 9s. ,,
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Hem Stitched .. 4½d. to 5s. each
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invite the lowest, poorest, most neglected lambs of the flock. They are not eaten up with respectability. If there are plenty of these neglected lambs to be brought in, let us have more Ragged Schools; if there are *not*, then let us hear less sentimental cant, from press and pulpit, upon the subject. Perhaps it will be said that the children of respectable parents are in as great a danger of being neglected at home as the city Arabs themselves. If so, as these respectable parents have been themselves taught in these same Sunday schools, and taught so badly, let us reform our schools altogether, or rather, let us try a new plan, and have schools and teaching for the *parents*, bringing them under religious training again, and seeing if we cannot make them fit to manage their own homes and children, as they ought to do.

6. A great deal of what we have already asked and said will affect our next questions, which relate to Sunday school rewards, particularly at Whit-week. Is it not the case that the parents often regard it as a specially meritorious act on their part to send their children to Sunday school, laying the clergyman and teacher under a sort of obligation? Do not the children themselves catch the same idea, and fancy that they deserve to be rewarded for their attendance? And, therefore, is not the giving of rewards a thing to be done with great caution, and very moderately? "My children go to Sunday school," is a common pretext for demanding some favour from the clergyman. Cards, books, tea-parties, excursions, may, it seems to us, be productive of evil. The children will not only receive as a favour, but demand as a right. This is peculiarly the case at Whit-week. "If *we* don't give the children a trip, they will go to another school," said a teacher to us, one day. A nice state of things, truly!

7. Has not the tea-party, trip-going, and field-playing system increased and increased of late years, until there is no telling where it will stop? Three field-days, three tea-parties, one children's trip, and one teachers' ditto, is the programme, this Whit-week, for one school we know of. Is it fair on clergymen and teachers? But suppose they like it? Then we go back again, and ask

8. Is it right to separate parents and children during this yearly holiday-week? Would not many a father and mother spend their week more profitably and happily, if they took their little ones with them into the country—to Bowdon, or Hollingworth, or the sea-side, instead of leaving them to the care of others—(and, by the way, what sort of care can one or two clergymen and a few teachers take of five or six hundred children?) while, very often, one or both parents spend a good deal of their Whit-week in the public-house? But many parents could not afford to give their children any trips or amusements. Perhaps so. But a great many can so afford, and should be taught to cater themselves for their children's pleasures.

9. Would not an afternoon or two in a field in the neighbourhood, with plenty of sport and fun, do well enough, without the dangerous excursion into the country?—several hundred children being crowded into a train, and taken often a considerable distance, at no little risk from overcrowded platforms, trains following one another in rapid succession, and often the oldest and most draughty carriages brushed up again for the occasion. We know an instance of a large school, last year, being taken some twenty miles in cattle-trucks, and two of the girls may, humanly speaking, be said to have lost their lives in consequence. Let the congregation, the parents, have a trip together, headed by their clergy, and let them take their little ones under their own charge if they like; but we lift up our voice against the Sunday school excursion as it at present exists.

10. Finally, why do Manchester Sunday school scholars require more amusement and a greater amount of reward than Sunday scholars in any other town in England? We should like to know where else our Manchester system of keeping Whit-week prevails.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

TWO curious phenomena in social morals have recently presented themselves, which deserve dishonourable mention. Lord Westbury has latterly been sitting, in the House of Lords, amongst the bishops; and the Liberals of Ashton have been reading an address to the Right Honourable Mr. Milner Gibson, containing an expression of their admiration of his "character as a man," and as a politican. We scarcely know which of these two little social facts is the more interesting. Upon the whole—as nobody nowadays supposes bishops to be any better than anybody else—we incline to think the latter is. The taste of the Liberals of Ashton is peculiar; no less so is their boldness in giving public utterance to it. To express admiration of the character of the Right Honourable Mr. Milner Gibson as a politician, is enthusiasm: to go out of one's way to express admiration of his "character as a man," is heroism. Amongst all the seen and unseen stars that stud the sky, is there another such humbugging old world as this? The Liberals of Ashton probably had not the least idea what they were talking about: such hollow mockeries are testimonials. But there are hollower mockeries.

The result of the attempt to unseat Mr. Birley will not be displeasing to anybody, except perhaps the fanatical amongst his opponents. The whole affair was too trumpery to enlist the sympathies of reasonable people. It would certainly have seemed a strange thing, to use the trenchant words of Mr. Justice Smith, if the representation of the great city of Manchester had turned upon the supply of three dozen of those wretched utensils. Moreover, moralists, of both political parties, must be glad that all risk is over of this city's replacing an honourable by a right-honourable man.

The gigantic botanical feast of vision and flow of small-talk, about which certain of our local journals have lately been so gushing, will begin to-day. Those same journals have, with the best intentions and the worst taste, directed the notice of the public to the exhibition under glass and canvas. We, on the contrary, would recommend the exhibition on the lawn and gravel. It is strange that, with all their experience, our contemporaries should not yet have arrived at a true appreciation of the end and object of a flower-show, but should so perseveringly persist in misdirecting the attention of the public. However, we dare say, the attention of the public will direct itself. The "roses and raptures" of the incipient varieties must be looked for on the promenade; the "lilies and langours" of those in a more advanced stage must *not* be looked for on the walk by the water's edge.

The Pendleton and Swinton turnpikes have, notwithstanding their obvious injustice, obtained a fresh lease of life until the year 1871. The absurdity of this decision amply appears on the face of the substantially correct report of the proceedings before the Parliamentary Committee, which appeared in the *Guardian*. We say "substantially correct," because the report sounds so like a satirical burlesque on British justice, that many readers must have felt some suspicion as to its impartiality. It is true it reports a portion of the arguments of one side only, but that seeming unfairness arises from the fact that the other side gave utterance to no arguments to be reported. The proceedings were altogether such an exquisite joke that, for the benefit of those of our readers who have not perused them, we will shortly summarize them—premising that the reason toll-bars are established on a road is primarily to secure payment for the debt incurred by the making of it. Mr. Robert Knowles appeared in support of the bars in question, and said the debt upon the road was £264. Mr. Alderman Grundy appeared against the bars, and said the income of it was £8,000 a-year. The chairman of the committee announced that the bars should remain for two years and a

half more. (N.B. These are *not* goaks, but facts.) So that the public is to be plundered of £20,000, to enable the trustees of the road to pay a debt of £264, which they might pay to-morrow, and might have paid any day these last five years, if they had not wanted it to talk about! The parliamentary committee which, under the presidency of Lord George Cavendish, has been thus pleasantly satirising the British constitution, has made several special arrangements for its self-regulation. Amongst other eccentricities, it refuses to hear counsel. Moreover it gives no reasons for its decisions—a rule which shows it is not entirely devoid of wisdom. We recommend, however, to its notice a still better regulation:—that in future it should decide first, and hear the arguments afterwards.

A gentleman who, for a long period, has been suffering from a "very deplorable state of nervousness, languor, lassitude, and low spirits," having been marvellously cured, feels it "incumbent on him—as a public duty—to impart" the information to anyone (sending him six stamps). We hope that anyone who has the good fortune to have a personal interview with the long-suffering gentleman, will feel it "incumbent on him—as a public duty—to impart" divers punches of the head and muscular applications to other parts of the long-suffering gentleman's body, which will cause him to suffer from another "very deplorable state of nervousness, languor, lassitude, and low spirits"—not to say stiffness and discolourisation—for another long period.

SIR WRIGHT AND THE BEY.

BY OUR OWN BAB BALLADIST.

Sir Wright Touraloural ap Touralallou
Was the head of a chivalrous crusading crew
Of stout knights and true:
It was rapture to view
The brave fighting-men of ap Touralallou.

The Bey of the realm of Saharalallay
Had a hypochondriacal sort of a way
Of wand'ring astray,
And his absence each day
From his post, with his troops caused the dickens to pay,

Now the Bey in his rambles encountered Sir Wright—
For, in leaving his men all untrammelled to fight,
The bold crusading knight
Also took a delight.—
They were *at it* just then somewhere *well out of sight!*

Short in temper and height was the Mussulman chief,
And he termed Touraloural an infidel thief,
Then expressed his belief,
In an alloquy brief,
That, in no time at all, he could bring him to grief.

Sir Wright, standing six standard feet in his spurs,
Replied "Paynim puppy! The knight who defers
To such insolent slurs
Is the basest of curs;
So—come on! My whole frame this indignity stirs."

A scimitar keen the bold Moslem displayed,—
The knight's sword stood always at 90° *in shade*—
So about them they layed,
And very soon made
A corkscrew and saw of each glittering blade.

At the state of their weapons both looked rather glum,
When Sir Wright, with an effort, said—pleasantly—"RUM,"
And the Bey replied, "Hum,"
Bis mallah—by Gum;
I *believe* upon *this* point the Koran is mum."

Then Sir Wright drew a charm from his jerkin of steel;
One whose strength 'twould be vain to deny or conceal,
As *they* seem'd to feel,
For, with brisk toe and heel,
It soon set them off in a two-handed reel.

But a crusader jigging along with a Turk
Is a scandal which none, save a heathen, would burk;
And an influence murk
Must decidedly lurk
In the spirit which prompts such unsanctified work.

But these recreant twain seem'd to think it fine fun,
And they next, 'neath a fig, nicely out of the sun,
Some tree-mendous yarns spun
About doughty deeds done,
And of damsels, and battles, and bets they had won.

And they gossiped in language less prudent and free,
Telling stories of houris and chére amies,
Until both seem'd to be,
On their own special plea,
Folks wtth whom *strict* morality didn't agree.

Once only the Knight, for a moment, look'd black
At a passing remark on the use of the sack.
It took him aback;
For a good swingeing whack
Was *his* remedy simple for gadding or clack.

But the shadow was fleeting; their *séance* grew long;
And ap Touralallou sang a capital song.
Exceedingly wrong
Is by no means too strong
A phrase for the ditty which fell from his tongue.

At this moment, however, some signs of a fray
In the distance were seen by the Knight and the Bey;
So the Knight said good-day,
And then ran away,
And——so did the Bey of Saharalallay!

MR. PHELPS.

MR. Phelps is the finest old Tory on the English stage. To the length of his services, he adds the most conscientious adherence to the text and the traditions of the oldest authors. For over forty years he has laboured hard, but unobtrusively, to raise and to maintain the taste of English play-goers to the level of the Shaksperian drama. Content with earning an income which must be small compared with the incomes of many actors of less talent, he has devoted himself almost exclusively to the largest field which he could select for his peculiar ministry. Never denying the highest claims of his art, never consenting to take part in any play which does not satisfy his artistic conscience, never lending his name and his talents to modern plays unless they merit the recommendation, he has earned for himself a position amongst London actors which is very similar to the position held by Thackeray amongst literary Bohemians. Without keeping himself aloof from his brother actors as long as he is at the theatre, he is never met at their subsequent haunts, and he inspires the Bohemian mind with that awful respect which it feels for any man who has a confirmed habit of going home to his wife and children. In the minds of London play-goers, he has a particularly solid reputation; his name has something gloomy in it, it is so intimately associated with tragedy, and the juveniles about town who support the legitimate burlesque at the Strand, would as soon think of going to a theatre at which a bishop played the principal character, as of going to see Phelps. But the real London critics, the middle-aged men who always sit on the front benches of the pit at a first performance, and doom a piece with the secret understanding of a Star Chamber, know how long and how honourably Mr. Phelps has worked for art, and they always welcome him bravely. While to the more earnest of the younger generation he is the last living representative of the noble line of tragedians—of Kemble, of Kean, and of Macready.

Mr. Phelps made his first appearance in York, as far back as 1828. He was then 22 years of age. Before long, he was engaged as principal tragedian at the Haymarket, and took the town by storm, with Shylock and Hamlet. In 1837, he associated himself with Mr. Macready, who was then manager of Covent Garden; and, in 1844, he took Sadler's Wells Theatre. This is the most interesting period of his career. At that time, Sadler's Wells was one of the rowdiest theatres in London. The drama which was educating the public mind and morals there,

when Mr. Phelps turned his attention to it, was entitled *Jack Ketch*. In the spirit of a missionary, he plunged into the vilest corner of theatrical London, with the determination to purify it. On the first night, he cleared the different entrances to the house, which had become the places of business of gentlemen professionally connected with fried fish, and ladies interested in the oyster fisheries. He then turned his attention inwards. He found that, in the pit, opera-glasses were not used so frequently as short clay pipes, while the worship of Bacchus and Melpomene was cleverly combined, with the aid of two-gallon cans. But worse than these evils was the vile language in which the gallery exchanged opinions with the other parts of the house. Arming himself with the clause of an old act of parliament, by which a fine may be imposed upon any one using bad language in a public building, Mr. Phelps struggled bravely to enforce decency and silence during the performances. On several occasions, when men in the gallery persisted in their interruptions, Mr. Phelps has stopped the play, and, throwing a black cloak over his spangled costume, ascended to the gallery, and bravely faced the offenders, and helped to turn them out. By manfully suppressing the rowdy element, and inspiring his colleagues with his own high sense of responsibility to the public, he succeeded in rendering Sadler's Wells not only the most orderly theatre in London, but actually the home of the Shaksperian drama. His work was not unappreciated. At the farewell dinner given to Mr. Macready, in 1851, after saying what he had himself done to elevate his art, Macready bequeathed his mantle to Mr. Phelps, in these words: "Others will take up this uncompleted work, and if enquiry were set on foot for one best qualified to undertake the task, I should seek him in the theatre which, by eight years' labour, he has, from the most degraded condition, raised high in public estimation, not only as regards the intelligence and respectability of his audiences, but by the learned and tasteful spirit of his productions."

We do not remember the precise date of Mr. Phelps's retirement from Sadler's Wells. It is sufficient that its reputation went with him. For the last ten years he has performed chiefly at Drury Lane, and generally in Shaksperian tragedy. Even in that time, many an actor has made a little fitful fame in the same parts, and yet Mr. Phelps remains the true sentinel of tragedy, and his name is almost certain to outlive that of any other living English actor. His acting in pure tragedy is full of passion almost torn to threads. He abandons himself so entirely to the momentary feeling, that he often wears himself out before our eyes, in a manner quite painful to witness. Not that he ever rants. But he combines with his intensity of feeling, a powerful voice and a manly frame, and his exhaustion, when he does exhaust himself, is that of a giant. Frequently, after performing Macbeth or King Lear, he has had to be wrapped in blankets and conducted home to bed, directly after the fall of the curtain. To appreciate fully his acting in *The Man of the World*, he must have been seen in one of his great Shaksperian parts. Ordinary tragedians become imbued with tragedy as with strong spirits, until they cannot give themselves up to lighter-bodied drama or sparkling comedy. But Mr. Phelps is a scholar, and, with a scholar's self-command, he has never allowed tragedy to become his master. He is as great in comedy, as long as there is a dash of nature in it, as in tragedy. Although *The Man of the World* is pure, satirical comedy, Sir Pertinax Macsycophant is such a terrible exaggeration of worldliness, that it almost requires a tragedian to do the part justice. Nothing could be finer than the cunning and careworn old face which Mr. Phelps puts on. Nothing could be more refined than his obsequiousness to Lord Lumbercourt, which you find out as soon as his lordship disputes his right to the parliamentary nominations, is only an obsequiousness of manner. Nothing could be more natural than the tears of avarice which he sheds at the end of the third act. Mr. Phelps excites himself so powerfully with the spirit of the piece, and gathers such immense force as the play proceeds, that, in order not to lose the power thus acquired, he wisely hurries on the performance, to the great comfort of the audience. Barely three minutes separated the acts from each other. He identifies himself so perfectly with his part, that he never betrays any consciousness of the large audience which is looking at him and interrupting him with its admiration. To the other actors on the stage his manners are as naturally varied as are the manners of everybody in real life. And, so half-painfully does he live and feel in his parts that, in tragedy, we have heard that he unconsciously pinches the actresses black and blue.

BLACKBALLS AND BANKERS.

AT the present time, when some financial theorists assert that a monetary panic is impending, it is a singular fact to consider that bankers in Manchester have themselves been personally passing through a social crisis, from which they have not wholly emerged without torn and ruffled plumage. A slaughter of the innocents has taken place, and we are quite at a loss to account for the massacre. A number of bankers have been persistently and systematically blackballed at the clubs. The banking community, in the shape of certain victims, has been going through a course of physic, in the form of unsavoury black pills, and has become morally salivated in consequence. This is to us a most remarkable phenomenon, as difficult to account for as the recurrence of those periodical commercial panics which, from time to time, form the subject of enlightened investigation by banking pundits at the meetings of the Statistical Society. We have always looked up to bankers with a feeling similar to that which Lord Palmerston described as characterising his contemplation of the spangled firmament—"a feeling of, ah! awe." As our connection with bankers is of the most meagre description, possibly distance may have lent enchantment to the view, and we have not been near enough the celestial body to detect the spots in the sun. We say our intimacy and knowledge of the banking solar system is limited. Lord Overstone's cousin once ordered us to the right-about face, but that was in Heaton Park, and not in the establishment in King Street. On another occasion, we rode inside a Pendleton omnibus with the late Mr. T. B. Jervis, who remarked to us that it was a fine day. We also once unconsciously tantalised an irascible cashier, when presenting a cheque for payment, by replying to his question of "how will you take it," with the words, "in a cab." Finally, we had the honour of a slight acquaintance with the late Mr. Charles Kean, who so resembled Mr. William Cunliffe Brooks that we never meet that gentleman without having the tragedian, the banker, and the Corsican Brothers all jumbled up in our minds together. Such being the nature of our intimacy with the banking community, we may be pardoned if we cannot find an explanation for the disagreeable experience which they have lately been subjected to.

To be blackballed is doubtless an unpleasant sensation, which most men would rather not experience from choice. We have not felt it ourselves, and we trust we never shall; nevertheless, in these days when new clubs are springing up like mushrooms, we are bound to say that the fact of being ostracized is not necessarily a reflection upon any man. The occurrence may be the result of a few shabby individuals who have recourse to it for the mere purpose of inflicting pain. Some people are naturally of a cruel disposition, and show their tendency in that direction by wanton acts, such as the torturing of dumb animals and other atrocities. Mr. J. Aspinall Turner was wont to say, that he fancied a certain club in Manchester had determined to blackball every man who exceeded fifteen stone weight, and certainly the pilling which occasionally takes place leads one to suspect that it is the result of mere caprice. Sometimes the victim is too rich, sometimes he is too poor. One is refused admittance because he is too profligate; another because he is too pious. The system and its results are a curious psychological study. Nevertheless, that it has its uses and advantages cannot be denied, and we are certainly not going to quarrel with the custom because it is occasionally abused.

From our own distant point of observation, we had always fancied that bankers were models of propriety, and, in every respect, clubable individuals. It seems that our opinions have not been universally shared in those mysterious precincts of the clubs which are devoted to the use of the ballot-box. But the more we dwell upon the subject, the more we are puzzled how to account for it. It is not as if it had occurred at one club, but at several. Are the members animated by a thirst for vengeance, by having been pulled over the coals when money was at a famine price, or is the sight of the dreadful banker a skeleton in the closet, that must, at all hazards, be kept out of the resort devoted to social ease and enjoyment? Is the apparition of the monetary Frankenstein supposed to interfere with the functions of the digestive organs, by calling up visions of that fearful chamber which is understood to afford a cheap and efficient substitute for a Turkish bath? Possibly some dreadful tradition pervades the atmosphere of these high-sounding associations, regarding the consequences of eating mutton-chops in the

same apartment with a bank manager. We have heard a story told, of an old banker who, years ago, made himself so disagreeable by glaring, growling, and grumbling at his fellow members, like the old member in Lord Lytton's play of *Money*, who keeps perpetually shouting "Waiter! snuff-box," that the place was eventually made too hot for him, and he was fain to withdraw altogether. Whether the clubs alluded to have good reasons for the course which they have adopted, or whether they are actuated by some mere whim and fantasy, we are not aware; and, as it does not concern us, we do not think it worth while to inquire.

DER BOET'S BARTY.

VONCE, not so fery long times ago, Herr Edwinwaugh sailt agross der Herrendyke ofer do der landt of creen sots und der vhiskey, all in search of his poty helts. *Similia similibus curantur*, as der Teufel saidt vhen he tookt der primstone for heart-purn. Put pefore he vas cone some pully friendts cave him a gomblimendary barty, und der shendlemans of der bress hafin' nodings do keep dem sober, couldt only concoct der vollowing biece of boedry do gommemorate der shbree.

Der boet haf a barty,
Gif do his brivate gheek;
Dis of dat schwiggenlied-beuder
I wouldt haf leafs do shbeak.
Dere was efery ding do trink und eat,
More as de poss couldt pring,
Put dey tidtnt trinks moosh wasser,
In der Gartens of der Shbring.

Vho shoindt de boet's barty?
Bei doonder none cood cuess:
Der vas bainters, boets, und blayers doo,
Und der mempers of de bress.
Und as de sandt trinks oop der zee,
Dey trunkt der bier und schnapps;
Und dey seemed do like de pully schwigs,
Put berhaps dey tidn't——berhaps!

Der boet haf a barty;
He shmiled do see der came,
Und all de beoples gried brafo!
De vloonkeys didt de same:
Mit doast, und speech, und sentimendt,
Und batriotic sdrains,
Dey shookt der blaster vrom the roof
Und sphlit der vindow banes.

Der boet haf a barty;
Vhere is dat barty vlied?
Vhere is der cray oldt knasterbart,
Mit his urbummellied?
Vhere is dat vigure-headt so crandt
Dat occubied der ghair?
De boet und his barty—
Hei! Echo gries out—vhere!

Dat cray oldt schafer is in ped,
Mit a napkin roundt his kop;
Bei gooms! dey shlogged der ghairman's
Pecause he couldn't shtop.
De boet—pless his eyes und limps—
Is schwimmed agross der zee;
Vhen next ve see dat boet's vace
Dere's *safe* do pe a shbree.

Der boet haf a barty
Do pid he vriends coot py;
Dey schookt his handt mit kindtly vordts
Und dears into deir eye.
He is cone agross der priny teep,
Vhere dey shtills de vhiskey prown,
Und berhaps it had peen shoost as vell
If de boet had shtoppt in down.

HOLIDAY NOTES.

A WALK TO ROSTHERNE.

THE Bowdon line always sets us off on a series of wonderings, as well as wanderings. On arriving at the Oxford Road Station, we wonder whether any other company in England, not actually in a state of bankruptcy, possesses a terminal station equally shabby and out-of-the-way. On getting into the train, we wonder why the only comfortable—*i.e.*, the only cushioned—second-class compartment should belong to the smoking carriage. On reaching Old Trafford, we wonder how it comes to pass that one small suburb should monopolise so many amusements, and notorieties: Botanical Gardens, Blind Asylum Chapel, Manchester Cricket Club, Army and Volunteer review ground, and, this year, the Grand National Agricultural Show, the preparations for which last exceed belief in the shape of wooden sheds and barriers. When we get to Stretford, we wonder why the Roman Catholic Chapel should be the only ecclesiastical building worth looking at—nay, capable of being looked at without a shudder. At Sale, we wonder why people who live thus far out of Manchester don't go a little further, and enjoy the superior beauties and air of Bowdon. At Brooklands, where the place is; for we see nothing and nobody from the station. At Timperley, whether anybody ever goes from Manchester to Stockport or Liverpool by this roundabout route. At Altrincham and Bowdon, why every Manchester man, who can afford it, does not live out here.

Our ticket (a second-class return) will take us or bring us back from either of the two last stations. It suits us best to get out at Altrincham,—"Sleepy-hollow" would be a more correct name. An empty market-place, some quaint old houses, a great many new ones, the Unicorn Hotel, and an uglier church than is to be found anywhere else within seven miles of the Manchester Exchange—and, goodness knows, this is saying a great deal!—and there you have the place! Let us not forget, however, one curiosity just opposite the station. An enterprising being has established some public baths, and, on a board outside, he has printed their varieties and prices. We never knew before that the human race could duck themselves in so many different ways. Hot, cold, plunge, Turkish, Russian, douche,—we cannot remember a tithe of the long list:—but here are two forms of bathing which surely deserve to be more widely known. We copy from the board—

	s.	d.
Spirit-lamp with accompaniments	1	6
Soap-wash and sponge down	0	6

What, in the name of Neptune, are the bathing "accompaniments" to a spirit-lamp? Is it for natives, or smoke-begrimed visitors from Cottonopolis that the proprietor advertises his sponging and soaping? And, thirdly, do the Altrincham people clean themselves generally in some other way besides "soap wash"-ing?

When an Englishman is "out," he wants something to eat or drink at every stage of his journey, and really it is astonishing, and opens a wide field for philosophic enquiry, how much better a glass of beer tastes a few miles from home than in one's own house or accustomed restaurant. We turn into the Unicorn for a moment. Comfortable and roomy is the bar-parlour, well known to Whit-week excursionists, picnic parties on their way to Bucklow Hill or Rostherne, May-day revellers at Arley or Knutsford (alas, the glories of Arley are departed!), and many a red-faced, jolly Cheshire farmer. It is market day, and there is an "ordinary," at which we can have, if we please, a cut at a gigantic sirloin, which is being carried through the passage as we enter; or, if inclined to dine completely in the country, there is Bucklow Hill, four miles off, with its clean, comfortable inn, and Cuffe, the landlord, an old Manchester man, to give us a hearty welcome, and as good a glass of port as ever bees'-winged a bottle or dyed a cork.

Five minutes' walk, and we pass by St. Margaret's, Dunham Massey, the noble gift of a noble founder—though we fear he will be known to posterity more from his horses than his church. A beautiful church truly, but with one external defect, which is ever an eyesore to us: its tower is too large, not for the spire, but for the transept and chancel. The effect is a want of length and breadth; the building seems altogether too lofty, and it is not till we walk inside that we can admire without let or hindrance. Inside or outside, however, we prefer the neighbouring Parish Church of Bowdon, although the latter is no longer the old church to which we were taken as children, and which we venerated almost as much as our own "Old Church" at home. Fortunate is the

district which possesses two such temples; while what shall be said about the views from the two church-yards? Add a third view, viz., from the north side of Rostherne Church, and you have three scenes of surpassing beauty, all within easy compass of an afternoon's walk—and we shall see them all to-day.

A few steps further, and we are in Dunham Park. Talk about Queen's, or Philip's, or Peel Park, this is our real Manchester Park, and, thank goodness, undefaced as yet by any statues. Blessings on Lord Stamford for giving it to us Manchester folk, without giving it at all. He pays; we use. We walk, and play games, and look at the deer, and pic-nic under the big trees, and enjoy ourselves to our hearts' content, without having to pay rates, or support gate-keepers and gardeners, or—worse than all—be compelled to gaze at heart-rending images in bronze and marble. Through the picturesque, undulating, outer park, then through the somewhat tame, though finely-wooded inner one, and so to the front of the house. There! Don't look! Or, if you do, don't look again. Of all the hideous——we grow excited, and discreetly pause. No doubt it is a comfortable place within, and a man does not live outside his front door; in fact, Lord Stamford does not live here at all—no more do we, so bad luck to our impudence for quarrelling with what does not concern us! Keeping straight on, past the front of the house, we leave the park in another minute, and cross over a field to Bollington. On our right is the Warrington Canal, up aloft, with a high embankment, like a railway. We cross over a mill-race, with the mill itself close by; then over the Bollen, which foams, prettily enough, down a weir, and invites us to pause and quote poetry, and talk learnedly of trout fishing—although we really know not whether there be a trout within twenty miles. And now we saunter through pleasant lanes, with high hedges, and quaint thatched cottages, here and there, and primroses and wood-anemones peeping out from grassy corners, and fruit trees white and pink with blossom.

Bearing always to the left, we emerge, at last, on the high road, with Bowdon about three miles off, and Bucklow Hill a mile further to the right. Just below is Rostherne Mere—a fine view of which is to be obtained by turning a little out of our way, and walking about 100 yards down an adjacent lane. "Out of our way," indeed, we have been going all the time. We have made a complete curve since leaving Dunham Church, and that intentionally. We have a horror of straight lines in country walking. Oh, those abominable French roads, straight as so many arrows, and lined with those interminable poplars! Moreover, we hate returning from anywhere by the way by which we came. For this reason we got out of the train at Altrincham, and walked through Dunham, and roundabout across the parish of Bollington. Going back from Rostherne, we shall cut straight across the fields and be at Bowdon station in no time. Another lane, about half a mile off, takes us to Rostherne village. The approach is very picturesqe. A winding lane leads us past the many-gabled red-brick residence of Mr. Wilbraham Egerton, thence down-hill through high banks, and shady trees, towards the mere, and thence again, winding to the right, and up the opposite side of the defile—until we stand *below* the church yard, and catch sight of the grey tower through the trees, with the lych-gate in front, and a steep path leading up to it. A pretty picture would this same tower and lych-gate together, make. And the church itself—the nave and chancel much older than the tower, and apparently of all sorts and descriptions of architecture: the curious latticed windows, with ivy clustering round them; the odd nondescript incongruity of the various parts, and yet the quaint picturesque beauty of the whole, are very striking. It is a strange tumble-down old place, and yet to alter or restore would be to destroy.

We enter, and quaintness becomes even quainter still. The interior is characterised by a rude simplicity, and by whitewash, wherever whitewash can be put; and by pews—oh, let us not forget the pews! First of all there is Lord Egerton's pew, room, apartment—we know not what to call it—the grandfather of all pews ever created. It occupies nearly the whole of one of the chancel aisles, and is large enough to hold a congregation of itself. Of course, it has a fire-place, and any number of chairs—in fact, if Lord Egerton's ancestors, for twenty generations back, took it into their skulls to attend church again, there would be room for them (corporeally) and to spare. Also there is a wide entrance to the pew, in which sits a footman, so we understand, ready to poke the fire, or put on coals, at proper intervals during the service. An immense monument, reaching up to the roof—a perfect wilderness of marble—with sculptured figures, and designs, and a long Latin inscription, adorns the pew itself; while opposite to this is a very beautiful monument to the memory of "Charlotte Lucy Beatrix Egerton, who died in 1845, aged only 21." She is represented lying asleep, with an angel at her feet gazing upon her. Very lovely is the face, and so natural the attitude, that "life-like" is no exaggerated expression. The next pew belongs to another great county family in the neighbourhood, and is almost as big as my lord's. It has a stove in the centre, and two particularly comfortable arm-chairs drawn up one on each side of the stove, so that master and mistress may warm their toes and be comfortable. Next to this is a third pew, a little smaller, in that it has a sort of rumble cut off for the servants, with a private door through this said rumble into the church-yard. This pew has no stove, but, instead, a great square desk in the centre, for holding books. Then, fourthly, is another equally big pew, remarkable for nothing except its size. Of these four pews, we should say, at a rough guess, not one is less than twenty feet long by fifteen wide. There are, besides, several pews exactly like the bottom part of a London omnibus—with a seat on each side, and scarcely space to walk between. Pheugh! the place is cold and dismal; let us get out-side again.

Reader, if you want a lovely view, within easy distance of Manchester, go to Rostherne church-yard, and look across the lake and belt of firs beyond, across to Bowdon, rising on the hill opposite, with its church, and houses, and gardens, and to the right the landscape stretching out until bounded by the Derbyshire hills. As we see it to-day, with the sun bathing it in a flood of golden light, it is inexpressibly beautiful There are other things worth looking at in the church-yard itself: the old tombs, with their curious inscriptions; the modern burial ground, with one monstrous erection in stone, some twenty-five or thirty feet high, which looks as if intended to keep down securely the lady who has the honour of being buried underneath; also with some really pretty memorials, among others a head stone with this inscription:

Gathered by the careful hand of the great Gatherer.

The grave itself is planted with flowers—white tulips—all in full bloom.

Steady, good pen!—Our walk has put us into extra working order, and we are going too far ahead. A lingering good-bye to church and church-yard; an hour's walk across the fields, and past the pretty gardens of Bowdon; half-an-hour more of train; and then—we are in Manchester, and thinking of a substantial feed, and well-earned rest.

GYMNASTICS AGAIN.

IN an article which appeared in this journal, some months ago, we directed the attention of the public in general, and directors of educational or recreative institutions in particular, to the great and deadly risks run by those who "would be athletes." At the time, no little odium was incurred by us in the gymnastic world, and no little ridicule was cast at us by gymnasts themselves. We were accused of being actuated by the most unworthy of motives, viz., opening our pages to the gratification of private animus and mean jealousy. The "note," however, of the *Sphinx*—to use Mr. Matthew Arnold's expressive word—the bringing to light and correction, as far as possible, of abuses and dangers, and the warning by every literary weapon of satire, sarcasm, or description—is, we take it, sufficiently clear by this time. At the conclusion of the article in question, we predicted that an awful warning would compel attention before long, and it is with pain that we have to record that warnings have come. The following is extracted from a contemporary:—

KILLED IN GYMNASTIC EXERCISE.—Mr. Rutter, coroner, has held an inquest touching the death of a young man named Arthur Brahain, who met with an accident at the Pendleton Mechanics' Institute, which resulted fatally. Deceased was practising upon the horizontal bar, which is fixed about six or seven feet from the floor, when he lost his balance and fell. When picked up he complained of his back and head. He was a practised gymnast, but was in the habit of trying difficult tricks. Deceased was 21 years of age. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

This paragraph speaks for itself. To add to the intensification of the facts it so plainly, though sadly, forces on our notice, we may mention that, to our certain knowledge, a boy lately died, after two or three years' suffering from injuries to the spine, received by a fall while practising in a school gymnasium; and also, that some time ago a similar

fatal disaster occurred at Owens College. None of the victims mentioned are sons of prominent men. It takes the sacrifice of a bishop, it is said, to rectify a railway abuse. Are we to wait for the breaking of a mayor's or an alderman's son's neck before a reasonable—we will not ask so much, but call it a microscopic—attention, small as a grain of mustard-seed, is bestowed on this subject? We are in a position to give, if we chose, a very black list of the casualties that have happened to the best-known gymnasts in this and other towns. The deaths alluded to are not the only ones that might be instanced, and, most certainly, they are not the only ones that will have to be recorded if the present state of things is allowed to go on. The three first nights of the season at the Athenæum Club witnessed three successive accidents, none of them—as far as is known—serious, but one of them exactly similar to that which was the death of Arthur Brahain. That so, comparatively speaking, few fatalities occur, can only be put down to the practical truth—and truth is never so keenly true as when sarcasm points it—of the old adage—we make bold to give a slightly various reading—"Providence watches over drunk men and fools." There is an adage, however, still truer: "The pitcher that goes often to the well gets broken at last." "Giant-swings," somersaults, and "break-neck tricks" generally may be indulged in, and providence, or, if the expression is preferred, sheer luck, defied and tempted for a time; their results may be glossed over by secretaries, and all their dangers directly encouraged and multiplied by the competitions and festivals which have increased to such an extent lately, and which have given rise to the crazes and insanities of "pot-hunting" and "medal-winning," but facts and results will, from time to time, cry out, and proclaim that there is "Death on the Bar," as well as on the trapeze or the tight-rope.

We exonerate the presiding body at the Pendleton Institute—they most likely did not understand that there is so much danger in gymnastics—but we hold that after this warning, the directors and managers of the various institutions where gymnastics are practised, will be responsible—whether directly or indirectly matters little—for the further disasters and fatalities which are infallibly certain to happen. If they were unaware of the state of things before, they cannot after this plead ignorance. We insist on their taking the matter in hand, all the more that it is utterly futile to warn, or even to speak, to the mania-haunted gymnasts themselves. Had the coroner and jury known as much of gymnastics and their results as we do, they would not have so strangely omitted to add some observations to their verdict, reprehensive of the recklessness of the youthful amateur performers. For the future, we shall not be satisfied with a mere verdict of "accidental death." We shall look upon it rather as wanton *felo de se*, and the very next time anything so serious happens, we shall call upon the Officers of Health to institute an inquiry, and report upon the various gymnasia of the city and the town, as well as on the mode of practising in them.

We hope we may not have to return to the subject. If we should be compelled to do so, we shall feel bound to bring a general charge of virtual manslaughter against various private bureaus of honorary and acting presidents, directors, and committee-men who, although nameless now, shall not be nameless then.

LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.

JOHN BYROM.

I.

IN the year 1725, "the town" rang one summer day with an epigram which had appeared in the papers of the morning, and which has since become classical. Few people remember the Treaty of Vienna, concluded in that year, or the rumours to which it gave rise of a probable European conflict, in which the belligerents of the Spanish Succession war were to change partners, and Spain and Germany to be ranged against England and France. Thanks to this epigram, however, everybody remembers the bloodless, though not inkless, war of 1725, between the English partizans of Handel the famous, and his Italian rival, Bononcini, the otherwise forgotten. An illustration, which no amount of use and familiarity seems to hackney, is still borrowed by speakers and writers from the well-known lines:—

> Some say, compared to Bononcini,
> That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
> Others aver, that he to Handel
> Is scarcely fit to hold a candle:
> Strange all this difference should be
> 'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!

The wits of London attributed the epigram to the great Dr. Swift, at or about that time deep in the composition of *Gulliver*. It has often since been printed in Swift's works, and Handel's latest biographer reproaches Swift with its authorship. Speaking, only the other year as it were, of the feud between the Handelists and the Bononcinists, M. Victor Schoelcher refers to the famous lines, and says querulously: "Swift, who admired nothing, and who had no ear, wrote an epigram upon the subject"—and for his own part, M. Schoelcher considers "the angry injustice of the nobles" who caballed against Handel, "far preferable to the empty eclecticism of the Dean of St. Patrick's." Handel's biographer might have saved himself the trouble of throwing this stone at "the Dean of St. Patrick's." Though the epigram may be very much "in the manner of Dr. Swift," yet in reality it is none of his. Its author was undoubtedly John Byrom, a Lancashire man, and one of the first natives of this county to gain himself a position in the literature of his country. Byrom's verse figured in the old fashioned, many volumed collections of the English poets; his life is in the *Biographia Britannica;* the system of short-hand which he invented makes him conspicuous in the annals of stenography. He was a man of mark in his day and generation; while of late years attention has been recalled to him, and new light been thrown on his character and career, through the discovery of his Private Journal, and its appearance among the publications of the Chetham Society. John Byrom merits a place in any Gallery of Lancashire Worthies, and the details which he has given of himself in his Journal, lighten in some respects the task of the delineator.

The Byroms were what the biographers of last century used to call "a genteel family," belonging to the lesser squirearchy, and they contributed to the fashionable world of London in the first half of the eighteenth century a "Beau Byrom," who wasted his substance about town, and is still faintly remembered as a predecessor of the Nashes and Brummells. The Byroms of Kersall, near Manchester, the branch which produced the poet and stenographer, had diverged into trade, by a process the reverse of that which takes place now when successful commerce buys land and seeks a footing among the county families. Long before the inventions which go by the name of Arkwright's, and the enormous impetus which they gave to the staple industry of the county, Manchester and the cotton-trade were growing at a rate considered rapid by our slower forefathers, and Dr. Aikin notes that "in George the First's reign many country gentlemen begun to send their sons apprentices to Manchester." John Byrom's father is styled "a linen draper," which meant a great deal more then than now. He seems to have been what we should call "a Manchester warehouseman," and had a place of business in London as well as Manchester. John, his second son, was born in 1691, and being a clever boy, was destined for a professional, not a commercial career, while his elder brother was brought up in "the business." He was sent to school at Chester, and thence, probably with the aid of his father's city connections, he migrated to Merchant Taylors', still a famous London public school. There he studied with such distinction that in 1709, he was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge, of which the great Bentley was master. While at college he was carefully watched from the distance by his father, some of whose letters to him have been preserved, and they are not without interest. "Dear son John"—it was thus that a Manchester trader admonished his son at college in the reign of Queen Anne: "I wrote to you by Mr. Brookes and sent you a piece of gold as a token. . . . . As for your wig, let us know whether you will have it a natural one, or wherein you would have it differ from such as Mr. Banks wears, or Mr. Edmundson, Mr. Wortley's tutor. I took it as a piece of extravagancy, the giving a guinea for altering the last in London, and no doubt but you were cheated, and worse hair for your own put in. So I say write to us when you have noted those gentlemen's wigs, wherein you would have yours differ, and we will venture it, and so you may be sure of your sister's good hair and no cheat, as you will certainly

be if made in London." Fancy a Manchester young lady now, in this age of chignons, sacrificing her locks to eke out the wig of her clever brother at Cambridge! Altogether the style of living in those days in Manchester is scarcely conceivable at present. In the early decade of the eighteenth century, "an eminent manufacturer" in Manchester was at his warehouse at six in the morning. At seven, he and his children and apprentices took "a plain breakfast" together. In the centre of the group was "one large dish of water pottage, made of oat-meal, water, and a little suet, boiled thick and poured into a dish." At its side was "a pan or basin of milk," and each dipped his wooden spoon first into the one and then into the other, until Paterfamilias said, "Hold, enough!" The other refections of the day harmonised with this their homely prelude. The veracious Aiken records of "an evening club of the most opulent manufacturers" of the same period, that "the expenses of each person were fixed at fourpence halfpenny, fourpence for ale and a halfpenny for tobacco!" No wonder that a guinea for merely "altering a wig" seemed an "extravagancy" to old Mr. Byrom, who could procure the raw material at a much lower cost from his daughter's head.

Then the young gentleman had to be cautioned not only against profusion, but against heterodoxy, for Arianism, nay materialism, was abroad. "I have not," proceeds the worthy Manchester trader, "Mr. Locke's Book of Human Understanding: it is above my capacity, nor was I ever fond of that author, he being (though a very learned man) a Socinian or an atheist, as to which controversy I desire you not to trouble yourself with it in your younger studies. I look upon it as a snare of the devil, thrown among sharp wits and ingenuous youths, to oppose their reason to revelation, and, because they cannot apprehend reason, to make them sceptics, and so entice them to read other books than the Bible and the comments upon it. . . . . I had thought to have concluded here, but I am alone this evening, and shall observe you two things I noted in the psalm and lessons for this morning's service," &c., &c. After some further references to Bible commentaries which he had been reading, the fond parent adds, almost pathetically:—"If I have, by the few books I have, so much delightful reading, what pleasure may you have in the many works of so learned men your library and learning may peruse, if you apply to them, and the pleasures of the mind much excel those of sense." To conclude with a little domestic news: "Cousin Dicky and Betty have had the small pox at Rochdale, and Cousin Anne at our house, and we are all well again; and yesterday your sister Phœbe began, and I hope she will do well also. If your mother does not write, it is because she is busy attending my dear Phœbe." Small pox was then a frequent and terrible scourge in English households, for Lady Mary Wortley Montague had not yet brought inoculation from the East, nor was Jenner even born. And Socinianism and Atheism were rampant; worse pestilences than the small pox. From such a father presiding over such a home, the young gentleman could learn nothing that was dangerous, unless it was Jacobitism, and the Byroms seem to have been Tories of the Tories. From an early age, piety and prudence were engrafted on his lively disposition, and they bore him good fruit throughout life. In his Lancashire home, Byrom acquired a love of domesticity and a relish for homely pleasures which never forsook him. "Brother John is now at Kersall," writes his sister of him to a friend, during the long vacation of 1712, "he goes every night and morning down to the water-side, and bawls out one of Tully's orations, in Latin, so loud they can hear him a mile off; so that all the neighbourhood think he is mad, and you would think so too if you saw him. Sometimes he thrashes corn with John Rigby's men, and helps them to get potatoes, and works as hard as any of them. He is very good company, and we shall miss him, which will not be long to, now; Christmas is very near!"

This cheerful and genial young gentleman, ready for anything, from spouting Cicero by the side of the Irwell to thrashing corn with John Rigby's men, was just the youth to become popular; and his college friends were many, and helpful to him throughout life. Among them was a Mr. Thorp, "son of Archbishop Thorp," in whose company he learned short-hand (so useful in note-taking to a diligent reader of books and hearer of lectures), and, dissatisfied with the cumbrous systems of stenography then in use, Byrom began already to frame one of his own, and to practise it sedulously. The studies of the place he prosecuted successfully, though his turn seems to have been more for classics, philology, and general literature, than for mathematics. His classics he must have known well, otherwise no amount of geniality would have procured him the personal friendship of that grim Aristarch, the great Bentley, into whose family circle the young Lancashire scholar seems to have been admitted on familiar terms. With the Master of Trinity's son, "Tom," Byrom formed a firm intimacy; and there was a daughter, Joanna, whom the great critic and her familiars called "Jug." For her Byrom is said to have entertained a peculiarly tender regard, in which case the young lady must have been prematurely fascinating, since, when Byrom is said to have celebrated her charms in verse, she was only at the unripe age of eleven. It was "Jug" that read the daily *Spectator* to the grim Bentley, for so universal was the fascination exercised by Mr. Addison's periodical that even the slayer of Phalaris deigned to listen to it, and he is even reported to have growled out an expression of regret when Sir Roger de Coverley was hurried to the grave, lest Steele should spoil the character. Even in Johnson's time, to have written a paper in the *Spectator* was something that made you be pointed at in society; and when that ingenious journal was in the full tide of popularity and success, the honour of contributing to it exceeded any that can be conceived in these days of general printing and universal scribbling. Byrom, at Cambridge, must have deemed it a day of days in his young existence when the *Spectator* for the 17th of August, 1714, made its appearance at the university, and he recognised for its contents a paper which he himself had written, and sent, and which Mr. Addison prefaced in this complimentary fashion:—"By the last post, I received the following letter, which is built upon a thought that is new and very well carried on; for which reasons I shall give it to the public without alteration, addition, or amendment." The lucky contribution, thus pleasantly welcomed by the great Mr. Addison, was a mildly ethical disquisition on dreams, and the re-appearance of waking thoughts in visions of the night, and would not produce a sensation now. "John Shadow," as its author signed himself, was soon known to be Byrom, and stamped him as somebody. Perhaps he heard "Jug" pronounce something equivalent to the "how nice!" of our young-ladydom; perhaps the stern Bentley's brows relaxed when the little piece was read, and its authorship divulged. At any rate, according to general tradition, "Jug" was the heroine of the pastoral from Byrom's pen, which duly appeared in the columns of the same journal about a couple of months afterwards, on the 6th of October, to wit; Mr. Spectator again introducing it in complimentary phrase, thus: "The following copy of verses comes from one of my correspondents, and has something in it so original that I do not much doubt but it will divert my readers." This "copy of verses" was the once famous "Colin and Phœbe;" "the first production," says Alexander Chalmers, in his memoir of Byrom, "which brought him into general notice, and which was, as it continues to be, universally admired." Chalmers wrote in the first decade of the present century, and if "Colin and Phœbe" has ceased to be "universally admired," a popularity of nearly a hundred years is something to boast of; while even Bentley's comparatively recent, and decidedly solemn biographer, Bishop Monk (Sydney Smith's Simon of Gloucester), pronounces it a piece "still celebrated as one of the most exquisite specimens in existence" of playful poetry. Our Queen Anne was just dead, and Louis Quatorze was soon going to die, and Mr. Alexander Pope had been a year or two at work upon his translation of the *Iliad*, when Colin's lament for the absence of his Phœbe thrilled the hearts of the young ladies and young gentlemen of England:—

When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen,
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
What a lively appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn-fields and hedges and everything made!
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale, too;
Winds over us whispered, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave everything else its agreeable sound.

Now, what is become of each delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they now smile?
Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you drest
And made yourselves fine for—a place in her breast:
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be plucked by her hand, on her bosom to die.

This is a sample of Byrom's pretty pastoral, and of the innocent suitor which pleased the girl of *that* period. Colin found consolation elsewhere, as will be seen anon. Phœbe, some years afterwards, made a match not unsuited to the daughter of a Master of Trinity, and married a bishop. The happy prelate was Dr. Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Clonfert and Kilaloe, and from their union sprang Richard Cumberland, the dramatist, whose Memoirs are still occasionally dipped into by the curious.

NOTES ON BOOKS AND PICTURES.

MR. Tennyson has a new volume nearly ready; in fact, it was intended to be published this month, but as yet the title is not settled. He has been engaged on it since October last. The poet Laureate is the most fastidious of authors as regards his productions, and has a printing-press at home. His copy comes to the publisher in type. The only other English author who equals him in this particular is Charles Dickens, who is most careful as regards his manuscripts.

Mr. Philip Hardwick has sent in his resignation as an honorary retired Royal Academecian, so that Mr. Doo will be the only one retaining that position. Mr. Hardwick built the Euston Square Railway Station, the great hall at Lincoln's Inn, and other public buildings. He is now about 76 years old.

The second part of Dr. Pusey's *Eireuicon*, which will shortly be published, will consist of letters to Dr. Newman on the Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception and kindred subjects.

A sale of modern English pictures at Christie's on Saturday last realised £16,500; the principal sums being 1,050 guineas paid for Erskine Nicol's Paying the Rent, and 1,020 guineas for the Spate in the Highlands by Peter Graham.

The choice collection of drawings formed by Mr. H. S. Gibbs, of Longsight, near Manchester, was sold at Christie's, in London, last week, and brought about £3,000. The examples of David Cox were numerous and good. Among others there were Poynton Park, which sold for 41 guineas; a bridge and church, near Kendal, 20 guineas; the entrance to the churchyard, Bettws-y-Coed, 21½ guineas; Cader Idris, 45 guineas (Agnew); the Churchyard, Bettws-y-Coed, 23 guineas; Bolton Abbey, 47 guineas; Crossing the Sands, 43 guineas; a Welsh scene, with two figures, 28 guineas; Hest Bank, overlooking Morecambe Bay, 100 guineas (Agnew); Grasmere Lake, with cattle, 35 guineas (Grundy); Cathermole's Grace before Meat sold for 105 guineas; Clarkson Stanfield's Mount St. Michael's, Cornwall, 105 guineas (Agnew); and Turner's Island of Corsica, sunset and the evening star, 100 guineas (Agnew).

Mr. Wills, Mr. Dickens's coadjutor in the editorship of *All the Year Round*, is suffering from paralysis, and is completely broken down in health. The work is now being done by Mr. Dickens, who, though himself out of sorts, is not forbidden work that does not involve travelling about.

M. Alphonse Esquiros, the author of many admirable works on English manners and social life, has, after living in banishment for the last seventeen years, during which time he has taught French in English schools, accepted the amnesty proclaimed many years ago for political offenders, and has accepted a requisition to stand as a candidate for the department of the Bouches du Rhone.

The May number of *Macmillan* contains a good paper on the Drama in England and France. The writer attributes the decline of the drama in England to our national reluctance to self-analysis, to the morbid anatomy of human character. "Foreign nations have never shrunk from this, but on the contrary; and for two centuries the French drama has in reality rested its whole fabric upon the development of character,—upon the causes which have determined certain men to do certain deeds." The writer denies in very forcible language that a poet, even of the highest kind, can ever be quite the equal of the highest form of dramatist:—

"It is not true to say that a great poet has as much influence as a great dramatist: he has not, for the element of publicity is wanting; the electric action of soul upon soul, the immediate action of man upon man. It is for this that the drama in itself is the grandest form of expressed thought—it contains all others. To be a supreme dramatic poet (we will take Shakspeare, Calderon, Göthe, as the highest examples—Schiller comes long after) a man must be everything else. He must be a politician, an historian, a poet, a philosopher, and an *orator*. He must combine two radically opposite natures, and be at once a man of action and of thought; he must conceive and criticize, but, above all, he must *directly and publicly* impress a crowd of other men."

THE QUEEN AND PRINCE OF WALES.

[FROM THE LONDON CORRESPONDENT OF THE BOSTON (U.S.) JOURNAL.]

IN domestic life her Majesty sets an example that the nobility and the wealthy classes may do well to imitate. The time not passed in the affairs of the State are passed in domestic duties. Her breakfast hour is eight o'clock. This is the social meal of England. The Queen meets her guests at the breakfast table with the unaffected ease of a high-born lady. Motherly, unaffected, and considerate, all are put at their ease. Letters intended for the family and guests are out at the plate of each, and it is no breach of decorum to examine them. She is the woman of her household at her breakfast table, and not the Queen of State. The dinner is a mere formal stately affair. The Queen attends personally to her household, to the employment and discharge of servants, to the expenses, the wages, and all that pertain to the disbursements of funds. Sewing, knitting, visiting the poor and sick, her Majesty always has a round that she goes, to employ the time not officially occupied. As a Sovereign she is the hardest-worked woman in England. Her official duties usually commence at seven o'clock in the morning, one hour before breakfast. Wherever she is, despatches are sent daily by messengers, who ride in first-class cars, bearing what are called baskets. The papers from all departments are submitted to her. These baskets are dark morocco boxes a foot in length. These are sent from Downing Street, the Admiralty, the Home Department, the Head of the Army, &c. Each basket is locked by the Minister who sends it. A card hanging from the inside contains the name of the Minister. Every train to Windsor, Balmoral, and Osborne, carries messengers with these boxes. The Queen and Minister alone can unlock them, for she signs nothing which she does not read. Every Bill, Act, treaty, document, petition, or paper requiring her name, is subject to her personal attention. Her Majesty is admitted to be one of the best business women in the kingdom. Each day's business is finished before the day closes. Usually the messenger waits and takes the basket, locked by her Majesty, back to the Minister from whom it came. The Queen holds a ready pen and carries on her personal correspondence, which is very large. She pays her own postage. She has always given personal attention to her children, and their religious training has been the object of much solicitude and care. Her favourite pastime at Balmoral is among the lowly and the sick, with whom she talks, reads, prays, and leaves medicine, food, money, and little tokens of her regard.

The Prince of Wales, who stands next to the throne, may be regarded as the best abused person, and the most maligned, both in America and in England, of any gentleman in the kingdom. Common fame pronounces him wild and dissolute, the squanderer of a large inheritance, and the companion of those who visit the most disreputable places in the capital. The greater part of all this talk is calumny. The Prince of Wales, by his position as heir-apparent to the throne, is shut up to one class of associates, and to a given line of life. He dwells in one of the Royal palaces, the Marlborough House, has his own establishment, and dwells in regal style. None can approach him except in the line prescribed by the Court. He is not at liberty, like Royal Alfred, the sailor prince, to run loose about London, select his own associates, and go where he pleases. I was speaking, not long since, about the Prince of Wales, with the General-Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police, Mr. Walker, who has been thirty years in his present position. He has known the Prince intimately since he was born. It is his business to attend the Queen and Royal Family in all their official movements, and in all their processions. As the future King of England, Mr. Walker has had special charge of the Prince of Wales, either personally or through his officers, ever since he was a child. He has guarded him night and day; been in his company early and late; knew him at school, at Oxford and Cambridge; has attended him on his tours through all the English cities, and was with him in his late visit to Paris. Mr. Walker was the last man with whom the Prince shook hands when he left England on his present tour to Egypt. He says, on his own personal knowledge of the Prince from his boyhood, that the stories so rife about his Royal Highness—of his drunkenness, debauchery, gambling, being in the hands of Jews, and squandering his property—are base calumnies, without the shadow of foundation. He is represented as very impressible, desirous of gaining information, and generous to a fault. The stories of his ill-treatment of the Princess of Wales, or of his neglecting her, are equally untrue. He is exceedingly happy, and even jovial, in his house among his children. He is their companion and playmate. No one who has ever seen the Royal children, as they are called, can fail to be impressed with the fact that they are as well cultured as any children in the British dominion. In public the Prince is a model in his attentions to his wife. At pic-nics he looks after her that she takes no cold, guards her with shawls and clothing; indeed, he gives personal attention to the comfort of his guests, including his coachman, footman, and servants, who wait upon the Royal party. He is honourable in all his dealings, official and personal. Such is the Prince of Wales as represented to me by a person who knows him even better than his own mother. And such I believe him to be. If his mother, a model wife and woman, has not escaped the tongue of scandal; if the Prince Consort, his father, one of the purest men who ever lived, was foully maligned, the Prince of Wales cannot hope to escape. The English people are very sensitive if a foreigner says anything against the Royal Family. It is a luxury they seem to have taken to themselves, and of which they propose to keep the monopoly.

A TRIBUTE TO BOZZY.—When Boswell's *Life of Johnson* first made its appearance, Boswell was so full of it that he could neither think nor talk of anything else; so much so, that meeting Lord Thurlow hurrying through Parliament-street to get to the House of Lords, where an important debate was expected, and for which he was already too late, Boswell had the temerity to stop and accost him with, "Have you read my book!" "Yes, curse you!" replied Lord Thurlow; "every word of it; I could not help myself."

THE LATEST THEATRICAL SENSATION.—A piece is now being played at the Victoria Theatre, London, under the title of *How Time Flies* (hero, Major Egerton, a roué; heroine, Nancy, a seller of sprats, whom Major Egerton endeavours to kiss), in which the utmost limits of "realism" seem to have been attained. Billingsgate and Covent Garden markets are both introduced; but the great success of the drama, in the way of scenery and stage-grouping, is a representation of the New Cut on a Saturday night. Here the enthusiasm of the audience reaches its height; and when a live donkey is brought in, the house resounds with cries of "Author! author!"

WOMEN ORATORS.—A society called the Sorosis, and composed entirely of women, gave a soiree recently, to the press of New York. We are told that there was nothing to drink stronger than tea. Mrs. Croly presided, and made the opening speech, and was followed by many other members of the Sorosis—no speeches being made by the gentlemen. Fanny Fern responded to the toast, "The Man of the Period;" Miss Clara Nicholson to "Men and their Buttons;" Mrs. Mary F. Davis to "The Coming Woman;" Mrs. Dr. Dinsmore to "The Professional Woman;" Mrs. Burleigh to "The Newspaper Man from a domestic point of view;" Mme. Demorset to "Man, the Monopolizer;" and Miss Hillard to "The Gentlemen, Heaven's first, best gift to Woman."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

INCOG.—His wishes, which were ours, have been complied with.

RECEIVED.—"W. Scott Russell;" "J. H. S.;" "Posse quia posse videntur."

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

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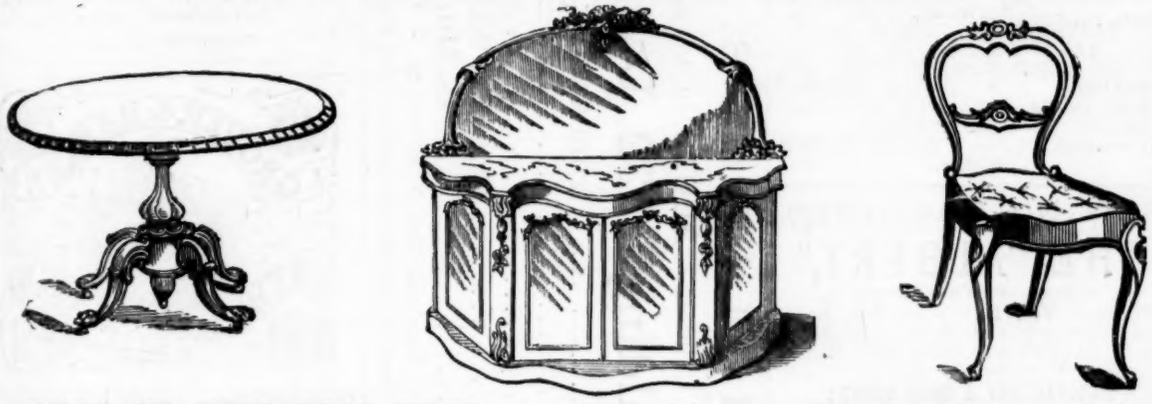

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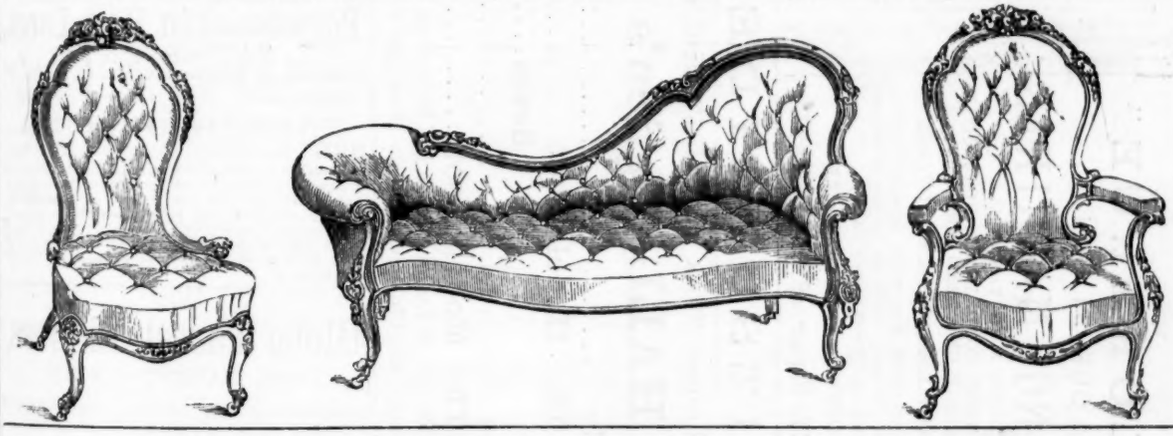

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